

When Left Alone

by Chocolate-feathers

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Summary: Death is ruthless. It will take all soon enough, so you need to enjoy the ride. John's life had suddenly come to a screeching halt, the loss of his mother nearly causing him to break. Though a stranger by the name of Dave Strider takes it upon himself to help John and eventually become his best friend, but love finds its way even into some of the closest friendships. Davejohn!

1. I'm sorry

Hello there reader! This will seem VERY angsty at the beginning, but i promise it will get much much better and even have some comedy thrown in. i hope to have regular updates coming out every few weeks and i have about 4 chapters already planned/written. thank you so much for reading and enjoy!

* * *

><p>"I'm sorry." This phrase can really hold a lot of meaning to it. It can be a plead for forgiveness, or merely a meager excuse to try and get yourself out of trouble. But today, for a lonely boy named John Egbert, it was the end of his world.</p>

Everything had passed by him in a blur. His brilliant blue eyes looked over to his mother who sat in the seat beside him. The car's ac blasted warm air as the beginnings of fall were upon them. A smile slowly slipped onto his face and he turned back to face the window.

His mother really was a lot like him, her hair was long and thick, running down her shoulders and onto the nape of her neck, the deep raven black being on his own head as well, though much more messy as he liked the look. That and he could never get rid of his cowlick for the life of him. Her frame was curvy and beautiful, Slender shoulders with a few freckles dotting the pale skin, her own dark blue eyes matching John's.

He took on his father's look with a wide chest and decently broad shoulders, though he had yet to grow into much of his looks yet, being only 13. A wide smile sat on his face for it was his favorite day of the year, April 13th. Though a child's birthday is always their favorite time of year, a whole day dedicated to them.

John's plans, which he came up with himself, was a nice lunch with his mother, who he never gets to do since she always was working. In her defense, she was co-head of the Betty Crocker Corporation. Once lunch was finished, he would arrive home where much of his family would be waiting to celebrate the special day. He was nearly bouncing in his seat with anticipation.

The world came into a crashing halt as his heart stopped for a moment. Loud screeching filled his ears and the sound of crunching metal came soon after. He felt a body cover him as the world flipped and turned until he didn't know which way was up.

The chaos suddenly stopped and his eyes were squeezed shut. There was a deathly silence that filled the world, everything going quiet, everything still. For just a single moment, John had a fleeting thought, that everything was ok. He slowly opened his eyes, his body sensing that he was upside down the way gravity pulled heavily on his shoulders. He could hear sirens ringing in the distance though he had his mother around him.

"Mom..?" his voice was creaky and a heavy rock settled in his stomach. He wasn't sure why until he felt a warm liquid running down his arm and seeping into his shirt.

"Mom?" he spoke louder this time, trying to struggle from his spot in his seat, feeling the liquid running up his chin and the blood rushed to his head. He reached up and dabbed at the liquid, his fingers coming back a deep rose red. "Mom!" he yelled this time, bringing her close and looking her over, though she was heavy and wasn't moving and though he prayed she was merely unconscious, the rock in his stomach only grew heavier.

Panic grew within him and his eyes looked up to the windshield, seeing large shatters and cracks and when he looked down to his mother's back, he could see where one of the shards had landed. He wanted to scream for help, but his voice was lost. Hot tears started to run down his face and slowly but surely he started to call out, eventually screaming until the sirens were louder than him.

He felt arms wrap around him and he saw someone on the other side of him slowly try and pry open his mother's crumpled door. He writhed and screamed, sharp pain running through his stomach, trying to stay with his mother until he was cut away from the car and placed on a stretcher where he was restrained.

He slowly gave in, panting and sobbing as he tried his damndest to get one last glimpse of his mom before the pure white doors of the ambulance shut at his feet. The small prick of the needle going into his arm was nothing compared to the ripping pain in his stomach. He forced himself not to look down for the longest time but once he started to feel the anesthetic put him under, he took one look and saw a bloody gaping wound in his stomach, starting to be tended to, equal to the height where the shard of glass hit his mother. He

hardly had time to cry before he fell under the sweet releasing spell of the drugs.

So, back to the current time. Something reached John's ears. His world was black but the sound was clear as day, a small, weak groaning. Whimpers accompanied it and it went on for a small while, but it quickly got annoying. He slowly pried open his eye to tell whoever was making the noise to stuff it before realizing he was the one making the sound. Bright white was the first thing that met his eyes. A sharp, throbbing ache reached his body in full force and he whined, slowly starting to push himself up. He then realized this was a terrible idea and he flopped back down.

Instead of investigating where he was, he tried to remember what happened. The memories hit him like a wave, smashing over him and instantly he heard his heart rate monitor go up but he could hardly care. Fear ran through him and adrenaline forced him to shift up, the needles ripping from his arm painfully as he ripped the clip from his finger, his monitor flat lining to a long beep.

He stood up but collapsed to the floor, hitting the cold tile harshly on his shoulder, a yelp of pain coming from him while his stomach ripped in pain, something actually ripping as blood pooled onto the floor. Two nurses instantly came in and helped him up, much to his disdain.

"Where's my mom?!" he yelled at them, struggling to get to his feet again, adrenaline dulling the pain in his stomach. Both nurses remained silent besides sweetly asking him to lay down. Once he was forced down and the clip was back on his finger, the nurse lifted his gown, checking his stomach. Worry flickered in her eyes and she told the other to page the doctor.

"Where is my mom?!" He asked more forcefully, gripping the sheets tightly. The nurse looked down then slowly shifted up, reaching to his forehead and brushing the bangs from his face. The movement was familiar, a soothing motion that he'd known of since he was little. He instantly shoved the hand away and she sighed, shaking her head. "Your father will be in here shortly."

John felt the lump in his stomach come back, heavier now. He bit the inside of his lip, feeling the tears welling up. "Is she in a coma? Oh god is she alive?! Tell me please is she alive?!" Though John felt as though he knew the answer, he absolutely denied this fact, she couldn't be dead! Soon enough the doctor came in and with worry still settled in him, he reluctantly laid back down, letting them pump more drugs into his system, sending him under once more, a small mumble still reaching his ears before all went dark.

"I'm sorry."

2. I'm here now

The second time John woke up, things hit him once more but they didn't send him into an instant panic this time. He slowly sat up, checking his stomach on instinct, something from his previous wake up telling him to check. When he looked down, he saw stitches, about 8 in all he thinks. He puts the gown back down, glad he at least had underwear on. He sighed and shifted to the edge of the bed, slowly

this time, but before he could get to the end, he spied familiar dark brown hair and folded collar with a black tie on his shoulder. He instantly recognized the man as his father.

Slowly but surely he stood, careful of the pain in his stomach though this time it was a dull throb, the drugs were still in his system, numbing the pain. He walked to the window, standing and giving it a small knock. The other instantly turned and quickly stood, dashing into the room and taking John into his arms.

"Hgn! Ow..Dad...?" The tight embrace sent pain shooting through him but he still hugged the other back quickly, an air of melancholy surrounding his father. He stayed quiet for the longest time until he felt wet tears on his shoulder where his father's face was buried. Of course, this was quite the shock as it was rare to ever see a parent cry.

His father pulled back, looking down at John with red eyes and tear stained cheeks. John could tell he was having a hard time looking into his deep blue eyes, his father's warm browns now cold and saddened. He still held a sympathetic smile on them and he slowly led John to the bed, letting him sit.

"Are you alright, John? Does anything still hurt." Slowly, the raven haired boy nodded, pointing to his stomach. "Stitches still hurt and my head does too...the medicine they made me take makes it better." He answered, a lump in his throat, but he had to know. He had to know what state his mom was in, even if he was reluctant now to know. "Where...where's mom? Is she alright?" His father's hand reached forward and he took John's hand, the tears falling across his cheeks again. John's heart monitor picked up his heart speeding up in worried anticipation, the beep starting to pick up it's speed.

"Johnathanâ€|in the car crashâ€|your mother sacrificed herself to save you. You shouldn't have lived, but thanks to her, you did." John's shoulders fell as he just knew what was coming next. He wasn't ready for the answer but it came anyways. "Your mother died instantlyâ€|they were unable to resuscitate her. I'm sorry." There was that phrase again..tears fell from John's eyes in long, heavy streaks and he shook his head, squeezing his eyes shut as he choked back a sob, yanking off everything that connected him to the room.

John's bare feet hit hard against the tile floor as he dashed from the room. The tears blurred his vision and he ran into someone, not bothering to say sorry as he shoved past. He couldn't think, couldn't breathe, he couldn't function. His only thought was to make a bee line for the furthest point in space away from that hospital. Though he didn't make it far, stumbling and scraping his shoulder and arm on the hard pavement as he crashed down. He shoved himself back up, scrambling off to a quieter spot behind the building before a strong and firm hand found it's way onto his shoulder.

John spun around and was met with dark shades and dark caramel, freckled skin, beautiful blond bangs framing another male's face. "Whoa there hot shot, slow down."

John panted, breathing heavy, normally he would have never done what he did, but this was different. He slowly slid down the wall, choked

sobs echoing out across the grass that spanned out further to woods. He slowly felt a pair of arms creep around him though he didn't reject them, instead he clung to the warm body, curling in on himself and pressing his forehead to the firm chest, a racing heartbeat thrumming within it.

It felt like hours had passed before John finally relaxed, running out of tears to spill and much too tired to function. The blond spoke soothing and sweet words, rubbing small circles along John's back. He didn't push the other to move or even try and coax him into standing, letting John just sit, letting him take in all that had happened so far. John could hardly believe it, he didn't want to believe it, but it was the truth and he needed to start accepting it.

"It's ok, I'm here for you.."

Little did John know, those were the words that would save him over and over and over again. Spoken by the same deep and calm voice with just a hint of a southern drawl.

3. Rest well

Something about Dave just seemed to..entrance John. When John finally felt ready to go back inside, Dave made absolute sure he was sitting down in his bed with everything hooked back up to him and even with all of that, he still didn't leave John. John was reluctant to be hooked up to all the machines, though he knew it was for the better. Dave didn't even leave the room, even after the nurses all did and so an awkward silence filled the air. John looked away from the blond for a bit until he hesitantly offered a hand, mumbling out his words.

"I'm John.."

>"Dave, nice to meet you."

Dave answered easily, as though nothing outside ever happened. The other male took John's hand, shaking it firmly. He soon retracted the hand, resting forward on his knees in his chair. Another heavy silence filled the room, once more broken by John.

"Thanks for uh.."

>"Don't mention it, you seemed like you needed a bit of help. Do you live around here?"

John nods softly, wringing his hands. He had an unsettling knot in his stomach, but not because of Dave, but because he had a lot of truth and loss to face. He seemed to be lost in a trance until he had two fingers snapping in front of his face, ripping him back into reality.

"Hey, c'mon John stay with me here, I don't want you going into shock, I know you will. Let's just keep up conversation, ok?" Though John doubted Dave could have any lick of an idea what he was going through, the soft and coaxing voice was enough to make him nod, slowly sputtering out his response. His grip on reality was still shallow and he continued to fade in and out, wondering how any of this even happened, why he was there, if this could possibly be some horrible nightmare that he would wake up from any moment.

"I live a few miles away...by the lake and the big factory..in the suburbs.." He looked to his new friend expectantly, curious of where the other lived. Maybe Dave lived nearby and he never even noticed.

"I love downtown, up in a really tall apartment complex, moved here a while ago." And just that sparked up a whole conversation between the two, asking back and forth what their favorite movies were, hobbies, talents, school, teachers, anything they could find to talk about.

Dave learned John was quite the pianist and was addicted to ghost busters and terrible rom-coms. He was left handed, likes jokes and pranks and those cheesy magic tricks, and he's allergic to peanuts as Dave read on the clipboard at the foot of his bed.

John meanwhile learned plenty about Dave as well. He learned the blond is in fact a natural blond, he likes dead things and preserves a lot of them in jars, he makes music digitally, raps (which John thinks are pretty shitty but he doesn't tell Dave that outright, especially since it was kind of charming), he only lives with his older brother Derek, he is skilled with a sword and runs track, and he used to live in Huston, Texas.

The pair talked each other's ears off and Dave reached his goal and finally managed to get John to laugh a couple of times. Soon enough though, they had to be separated due to the fact that it was late and Dave needed rest just as much as John. Though, John was very against having Dave leave as the other provided much needed comfort in his time of loss. Dave seemed like he didn't want to go either, obviously gaining a slight worry for the shorter male. But rules were rules and Dave was brought back to his own room, promising to be around in the morning.

Morning just didn't come fast enough.

John's sleep was riddled with nightmares and multiple times he woke up with a very increased heart rate in a cold sweat and tears. He wasn't getting any rest at this rate and he was just growing more and more exhausted now. The nurses and the doctor seemed to pick up on this and eventually, they woke Dave up, deciding that the pair should be moved to a room together.

Apparently, Dave wasn't sleeping well either and when they were finally shifted to a room with two beds in it, the pair took the liberty of pushing the beds just a bit closer, really glad they had wheels. When they finally settled down, John felt much more at ease. He sunk into the bed and mumbled softly to Dave.

"Hey Dave?"

>"Yeah John?" The other didn't really turn much, always keeping his eyes closed, even though he was facing John. John sighed and looked down, shifting a bit uncomfortably.<p>

"I can't sleep.."

>"You wont if you don't try bro."
"I have tried! But i can't.."

Dave sighed out and grabbed his blanket, shifting from his own bed with a small wince, grunting slightly in pain. John quietly asked if

he was alright and Dave simply nodded, nudging John over before scooting onto the bed with him. John was obviously quite shocked at the sudden movement but he didn't really object. The warm body and soft heartbeat made him smile and he finally relaxed.

"For future reference, lets not speak of this." John nodded to Dave's terms, drifting off hesitantly into sleep.

End
file.